

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
VOL. XXIII. }

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

NEW SERIES.
VOL. I. No 9



"I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN."

FISHERS OF MEN.

READ the 18th and 19th verses of the fourth chapter of Matthew, the 16th and 17th of the first chapter of Mark, and the first ten verses of the fifth chapter of Luke, and you will understand to what the picture on the first page refers.

Luke tells the story quite differently from the others. The essential thing, however, is the call of Andrew and Simon Peter to follow Jesus. They were fishermen. They were soon to become fishers of men.

As they came up from the boats to the house, Jesus sits down there and talks with them of the Father in Heaven, and shows them how they must live in His love, and what a great work must be done to show men everywhere how thus to live.

The children look upon his sweet face, and listen to his gentle and loving utterances.

Andrew and Peter are eager learners, and ready to become workers. They do not yet comprehend the task to be performed, the obstacles they are to encounter, the fate before them.

They only feel the power of Jesus' words, feel so drawn to him that they can leave all and follow him.

Fishers of men! What a divine work! They are now to throw out

their nets over the world and draw men from darkness into the light, from sin to holiness, from the world to God.

MASS PICNIC AT MEDFIELD.

THE invitation so generally extended to Unitarian societies and Sunday-schools to attend a picnic at Curtis Grove, Medfield, on the 14th of August, brought together fifteen hundred, or more, of the young, and those not so young in years as they were once.

Everybody, however, looked young, and entered into the enjoyments of the day with young hearts. It is true there was some talking about what they did fifty or sixty years ago on the part of some,—as, for instance, by Dr. Allen. But it was evident from his youthful appearance that he was making believe that he was his own grandfather, or something of that sort.

A pair of spectacles was found, but no owner could be found for them. They were for old eyes. It was evident they were dropped by somebody on some other occasion.

One thing was found out. The Rev. C. A. Staples of Chicago announced it, and there was no dissent: "Unitarians believe in having a good time."

After dinner, entertaining and profitable remarks were made by the Chairman, Wm. H. Baldwin; the Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Cincinnati; Rev. Dr. Allen, of Northboro'; Rev. C. A. Staples, of Chicago; Rev. Mr. Sunderland, of Milwaukee; Rev. N. Seaver, Jr., of Davenport, Iowa; Rev. J. H. Wiggin, of Medfield; Rev. W. B. Smith, of Walpole, and others.

The music by the Germanians was excellent. Youthful feet found no difficulty in

keeping time with it. The difficulty was, — not to keep time with it.

The same Committee who managed this affair so successfully — Wm. H. Baldwin, Rev. J. H. Wiggin, J. Mason Everett, of Canton, and Rev. W. B. Smith — were unanimously and emphatically requested to do the same thing over again next year.

The "Mass Picnic" seems likely to become an established institution. We hope a large number of the readers of the "Dayspring" will find their way to it next year.

AID FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE Committee of Arrangements for the Mass Picnic received a note from HENRY H. FAXON, Esq., of Quincy, containing a check for *one hundred dollars*, which sum they were to appropriate in aiding the Sunday-school cause, in whatever way they thought best.

The Committee decided to give it to the Sunday-school Society, in aid of the publication of a series of "Lesson Papers" for Sunday schools. The same Committee have also given to the Society \$26.47, the balance remaining after paying all the expenses of the picnic.

Mr. Faxon is not personally engaged in Sunday-school work, but he is strongly interested in the right education of the young. Several of the Unitarian Sunday schools in Norfolk County have received aid from him, — a gift of fifty dollars to each. The Sunday-school cause deserves friends like him, and will have, we hope, a great many such.

Look! the clay dries into iron, but the potter moulds the clay:

Destiny to-day is master; — man was master yesterday.

From the Sanskrit.

LESSON-PAPERS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

SOME of the Sunday-schools visited by the "Dayspring" are now using the Lesson-papers issued by Rev. Jenk. Ll. Jones, of Janesville, Wis. These papers have been carefully prepared, and have proved to be exceedingly helpful.

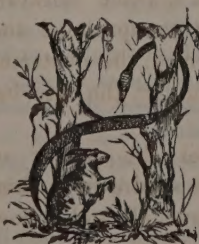
The directors of the Sunday-school Society have felt it the duty of the Society, now that the way seems to open, to undertake something of the kind. The Society will, therefore, issue during the first part of September Lesson-papers for October. It is hoped that some of the schools not using Mr. Jones's lessons will find these suited to their wants.

The present series will be introductory, and will consist of thirteen lessons upon the Old and New Testaments. The aim will be to give a general idea of what the Bible is, to bring out the most important characters and points in Jewish history, and thus open the way for a more extended course, to be commenced in January.

For The Dayspring.

HARRY BLAKE'S SERMON.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.



HARRY sat on the wharf with his legs dangling over the edge, straw hat pushed to "the extreme back of his head," hands grimy with the sand and bait he had patiently been putting on his hook since noon; his face was sticky with dirt, and streaked with little narrow channels of a lighter shade where the

perspiration had made little rivers 'mid the dirt; fish scales were fastened to his chubby cheeks and turned-up nose, and as the rays of the setting sun shone upon them, they glistened like jewels in a bed of brown earth.

Altogether, he was a queer-looking little chap, and altho' he was generally the essence of good nature, I must own he was cross now. And why not?

Here he had been since noon, and hadn't caught a fish, and it was the only holiday he would have for ever and ever so long.

Little Jimmie Carson had sat there for hours trying as hard as Harry, and — "not a bite."

Men were busy loading vessels, whooping to horses, shouting to each other, and making fearful confusion, just as men will if they have much to do. Directly behind them two men were quarrelling about the shipment of some flour, and a little farther off rich Judge Hastings's only son was pacing to and fro in moody silence. But Harry didn't hear, nor notice — he didn't care. Here he had boasted that he would bring the cook back a whole string of fish for the next morn's breakfast, and now the "nasty things wouldn't bite," and it was about time to go home. He kept growing crosser and crosser, and had just raised his hand to give a mosquito a rousing slap, when there was a jerk. The two lines were twisted and both pulled. Up came a beautiful rock-cod. His back glistened in the sunlight, and his tail flapped musically, when — splash! and back went Mr. Codfish swimming off to find home.

"You ugly mean James Carson! if you hadn't twisted your line around mine I could have had him!"

"It wasn't on your hook any way, and it wasn't your codfish, so now; you fussy, dirty, snarling cub!" yelled Jimmie.

"Oh how you can lie, you awful sinner!"

and slap went Harry's chubby hand across Jimmie's little brown face.

Now Harry knew that wasn't fair, for Jimmie was Widow Carson's only child, and she took in washing and lived any way that Jimmie might go to school; for he was a bright scholar, and, though Harry didn't like to own it, was ahead of him, although about the same age.

Jimmie was grieved, and slowly wound up his line to go, but before he had wound to "the sinker" up came the same silly codfish on Harry's line sure this time.

Their eyes glistened. Harry unhooked him, and how Jimmie wanted it; for there wasn't a "measure of meal" or any thing else to eat in the house, and his mother was depending upon that afternoon's work for their supper and breakfast.

The quarreling men talked louder and louder. The shipper declared he had sent one hundred barrels, and the receiver declared there weren't but ninety-five.

Homer Hastings paced faster and faster, and he looked idly at the little dirty-faced boys as he passed them in his restless walk.

What did he care for them? He had that day quarrelled with his father. The Judge was proud and angry, and so was he; and it ended in his being turned out of doors, till he could beg the old man's forgiveness as a son should. His mother was in tears, his sister sobbing wildly, and he had slammed the door behind him, fully intending never to open it till they sent for him, and now he was angrily looking a chance to "ship off" for sea.

He knew he was ungrateful, for he had but just graduated, and his father had fitted his law office anew, and was overjoyed because his son could make his last years years of rest.

Wasn't it foolish? I think it was much worse than Harry's and Jimmie's quarrel,

because they were little, and might live to know better; but Harry didn't know any thing about the Judge or his son, and that was why his sermon was preached before he knew he had selected a text.

He watched the flapping of the silly cod, and wound the line upon the reel very slowly, for the more he thought about it, the surer he felt that it wasn't worth such a slap as he had given Jimmie.

"It wasn't right," and up went the dirty jacket sleeves close around the sunburnt neck of grieving Jimmie.

"Take the wriggling old codfish Jimmie. I felt pretty sure it was on your line before, and since I slapped you, it doesn't look good to me. Father can buy plenty at market, and all I want it for is to boast over; so let's make up and start anew, will you?"

Jimmie began to cry. Harry felt uncomfortable, till he marched soberly up, took Jimmie's dirty fist out of his eyes, put the fish in his hand, and said, —

"Jim, will you stop crying and listen to me?"

"Golly! I can't Harry, because I called you cross names back again."

Harry wouldn't listen, but settled the matter by saying, —

"Why, the fish ain't much, Jimmie; I'm the one most to blame, because I've got a card that my Sunday-school teacher gave me, and it says on it, 'As ye would that others should do unto you do ye even so unto them.' It's right here in my pocket, so I ought to have known better."

That was his sermon, and then he took his congregation along with him, with the fish hung between them. Don't you think it was a good one?

The quarreling men were convinced that it was good preaching, swallowed the text and their wrath, and settled for one hundred barrels on the spot.

Homer Hastings looked at the retreating boys in astonishment. "That is 'downright sorry penitence' as grandpa used to say," said he.

Here he was, refusing to be forgiven, and a little boy had given up a whole fish, which was of more value than hundreds of dollars would be a few years hence, and he couldn't give up his temper to a gray-haired old father!

He saw his conduct in a new light, and was ashamed. He stopped his angry pace and walked silently behind the repentant shipper towards home.

Years afterwards, when "Blake & Carson" hung out their sign over Judge Hastings' law-office door, Homer Hastings told them why the text "As ye would, &c.," was printed in gilt letters inside, and Harry learned for the first time what a sermon he had preached "once upon a time."

A CLERICAL principal of an English boarding school for boys called his pupils together at the beginning of Lent, and gave them a short lecture upon self-denial and self-sacrifice, and advised them to select some article of food with which they would dispense during the season of Lent. The boys were directed to go into a room by themselves, and, after deciding what luxury they would give up, to return to the chapel and report their decision. The boys retired, and soon returned and made the following report: —

"*Respected Principal*, — I have the honor to report that your pupils have considered the subject submitted to them by your Reverence, and have unanimously voted to dispense with *hash* during the season of Lent."

"Evil is wrought
By want of thought,
As well as want of heart."



CARRYING FLOWERS TO THE LAME BOY.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER III.

HADLEY, Sept. 1, 1888.

DEAR LOU,—Mother says we take up writing with too much joy, and must lay down rules, or we shall neglect every thing else. Our chubby postmaster puts so many letters into the mail-bag that I think every one in Hadley writes; but mother says "no." Don't you wonder? I'd write to you every day if I could.

Lou, I'm going to tell you a very great secret. Keep it from Slater. When I grow up I'm going to write a book, and be an *authorship*. It shall be verses, for verses sound sweet and tinkling like bells. Mother says I may try; but it's lucky all girls don't want to, because there is so much else for them to do that we need more. And if there were only book stores where would your clothes come from? for you climb too many fences to wear gowns of paper patch-work.

Mother says it's polite to answer questions, so your letter is on the table.

"Wouldn't we talk and fly about for an hour if we were butterflies?" Of course. I'd be a yellow, and you a beautiful every-color. Baby, as an old grandpa, would wear a pig-tail, and drop his glasses every time he didn't lose them. Losing glasses is grandma's only fault. If her husband had lived, they must have hired two black boys to hunt for glasses from morning till night.

Hadn't you better change Slater's doctor? Couldn't you make her take the new doctor's little pills easier? or would it hurt the other doctor's feelings? She takes too much medicine. You blame me for indulging Ping Wing about candy; but dinner pills are as bad.

It seemed queer both our children should dislike writing; but mother said it was not strange, for that you and I, though we were not alike, sometimes disliked the same study, as we did learning French. I'm sorry Ping Wing is not more generous; but she refuses to give up even *one* of her Chinese handkerchiefs, but will, some time or other amuse Slater by writing an account of my museum. She's not pleasant about the September gale. She says "*Slater's more scared than hurt. She'll be a white-haired doll, while I, from being stout, will go off in a fever, and surprise every one.*"

Father raised his eyebrows at breakfast. I hate to be laughed at, and I answered *huffy*; then I was dull when father went to the office; he's such a pleasant father! Mother asked if I were ill, but when I said "Father raised his eyebrows," she laughed her merry laugh, which didn't sound nice that time. I cried right out. Then mother was kind, and said that instead of sitting worrying, I should have told my trouble at once, for people did not mean to plague us half so often as we thought.

Our paint-boxes are dear, very dear. If you only lived in Hadley you should have mine half the time.

I love the baby miles away. If I lived with him I should have no love for Ping Wing. But he'd be a more beautiful boy if his hair curled. I'm fond of curls; they make me think of leaves blown in the wind.

Mother says you saved one blot on your white-paper soul giving up that half of a Carolina. She says it's hard for a child to give up what's nice to eat. But mother says we must not catch all Tom's words, for they sound poorly from little girls' lips. His funniest is "*whang-doodle.*" He saw it his last voyage, which was his first. I tried to bribe him to describe it. Make Slater guess. Perhaps it was for sale where she was bought.

I'd ask our man at the variety shop if he didn't laugh so at my questions. As to baby's going to sea, that can never, never be (why, that's half a verse!), for he's got to be a minister. Mother says our family always has one; and as you, and Tom, and I can't be, there's nobody left but baby.

I hope he'll preach short sermons in little words. How queer he'll look in a pulpit! Only his baby-jumper may get him used to being fastened in. To save his feelings I shall walk softly up to our old deacon and whisper "Deacon!" when he falls asleep.

I was more naughty last Sunday than the day father raised his eyebrows. My Sunday-school lesson was the Beatitudes, but I stumbled so saying them to mother that she said I must stop writing to you, and give the time to my verses. I cried hard. When I grew quiet mother told me that there was no harm in writing, if I first did my duty; that it was sweet and pleasant to keep Sunday a little different from week days, for it was heaven's day on earth; that she tried to by not reading novels. I asked her if it wasn't as wicked to want to. She said we stopped wanting to by doing better things.

And, I'm sure, Lou, if mother stops of herself, we can, who have mothers to tell us what is right and what is wrong.

I let mother read this to see I was sorry. She says she *has* somebody to tell her not to read; and she spelt the name — Conscience.

Dear Lou, Topsham don't seem half so far; now you fly to me on paper. I love you dearly.

MADGE HASELTINE.

"OPPORTUNITY has hair in front, behind she is bald: if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

NEVER speak evil of any one.

MY KINGDOM.

[From the German of McMüller, Poet and Printer in New York.]

I ONCE was a king, but am so no more;
The crown and the sceptre — their weight was too sore.

The crown and the sceptre were only dead gold —
More precious by far song and flowers I hold.
Of oak-leaves is woven the crown on my brow,
My sceptre's a blossoming lily-stalk now.

In the park and the garden my court is arrayed,
The shepherd is page and the shepherdess maid;
Gardener, Hunter, my Minister, my General I call,
My throne is the moss-bank — the meadow my hall.

The trees are my columns, where real leaves twine,
The fruits are my viands — the fountains my wine.

The grove is my opera-house; all day long.
From thousands of throats there is gushing sweet song.

The brook and the fountain make music so fine,
O where is a grander court-chapel than mine?
The thunder, the lightning, the cloud and the wind —
Good players, both tragic and comic I find.

The beech-wood's my library — there, bound in green,

Books furnished by nature in myriads are seen.
The leaves o'er my table high rustling I hear,
And no inky letters the pages besmear.
They whisper from every murmuring tree
The height and the depth of God's wisdom to me.

Outside he may govern the countries who will,
My rural dominions are peaceful and still.
The law of my kingdom is love and not fear, —
No traitor is plotting, — no thief breaking here.
Good will is the magistrate, needing no sword,
Obedience is cheerfulness, gladness reward.

To all my dominions I've bidden good-by,
Farewell, politicians, a poet am I!
Privy councillors, cabinet ministers, adieu!
I sail on my lake and sing songs — not for you.
On the stream by the willows I dream and am free,
No couriers send with despatches for me!

C. T. R.

For The Dayspring.

LETTERS TO LITTLE FRIENDS.

I.

Letter to Harry.

I suppose, my little friend, Harry, you have long been expecting the promised letter in the "Dayspring," and have eagerly glanced at each number when you received it, hoping to find it. Though oft disappointed, I hope you have not fretted, nor behaved "unseemly," but like a little man have said, "perhaps my letter will be in the next number."

I am always glad, Harry, to hear about you through your aunt, because she says you try to be a good boy, and a useful boy; and when little brother Willie broke his arm, you were a great assistance to your mother in helping take care of him. Now I hope you will always go through each day of your life with your *eyes wide open*. Do you know what I mean?

Some little boys and girls, and even some grown-up men and women, seem to keep their eyes nearly shut. They can easily see far enough around for promoting their own personal pleasure, but are apparently blind concerning other people. "Wide-awake" Fred forgets that his own kite-string is tangled, in his eagerness to assist Ralph, whose little fingers are scarcely equal to mastering that hard snarl. Is not Sam one of the "wide-awakes"? See how carefully he daily draws his baby-sister in her little carriage through the street, love to her making him unheeding of the laughs of some of his school-mates!

It is very trying to the patience of Nat to leave his own studies for the purpose of explaining to a little sister some sum in arithmetic, which to her is so difficult; but *his* eyes are "wide open," so over and over he

explains it, and thus unconsciously gently wins a deeper love from her. But Dick says, "What nonsense for Nat to lose so much time with Mary! let girls find out for themselves. I go for being, if possible, number one in school, and so will not thus waste *my* time." Dick forgets that if *he* thus chooses to walk with closed eyes, he likes to have *other people* "wide-awake." When there is a picnic in the woods, or up river, how would Dick fare if mother and sister Anne belonged not to the "wide-awakes"?

Thus, Harry, you find that the "wide-awake" army are constantly forgetting *self* in trying to help others, and that the members do not wait for *great* opportunities, such opportunities as even Dick with almost closed eyes would see; but they eagerly and patiently find *so many little* things to do, even in their own homes.

Will you, Harry, help other boys to join this "wide-awake" army? What a grand school you will have, if all the boys keep their eyes *wide open*! And then, what *pleasant homes* these will be!

From your friend,

"PATIENT WAITING."

For The Dayspring.

CHARLIE, THE POLITE LITTLE BOY.

YES, *that* boy's friendship will be worth much as he grows up; for, though a busy little fellow, he does not forget to *thank* a friend for any little kindness received, even though some of his precious time must be taken for the purpose. In a note he says:—

"I would have written to you long ago, but I had to go to school all the time; but to-day is the *first* day of our vacation, so the first thing that I do, is that I write to you and thank you for the nice Bible you gave me."

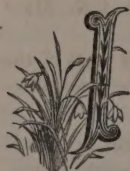
Charlie's time is fully occupied; for not only does he go daily to school, but he has to earn his own pocket-money by doing errands,—and a trifling sum it is, only *two cents* a week; but Charlie *perseveres*, knowing that even a small sum is better than none, and that he has thus been able to give his brother and his sister “birth-day” gifts from his *own earnings*; though he says, “I have now no cent for Fourth of July.”

Charlie also assists his mother in *her* school for little children, so that he will now enjoy his vacation finely.

What a contrast to Charlie's politeness, is Mary's impoliteness! When her Sunday-school teacher so kindly sent a little token of remembrance to Mary on her “birth-day,” not even the short “I thank you” acknowledged the gift on the next Sunday,—much less did Mary trouble herself to write a note; and *she* could *not* plead for an excuse that she was so busy she had no time.

* * *

THE GOLD MINE.



WISH, mother, there was a gold mine in our little garden; I would then soon be rich.”

“Why do wish to be rich, George?”

“I could then get every thing I want, and people would think much of me as I grew up to be a man. Besides, mother, you would not have to work so hard as you do, for I would make you rich too.”

“But what has made you think, George, about finding a gold mine, and getting rich?”

“It is because I have heard of so many leaving our village, to go a long way off, that they may dig gold out of the ground.”

“Yes, George, it is true many have left their homes, and gone to other lands. They hope to find riches among the sands of the rivers, or in the mines by the sides of the hills. But I would rather wish you to get some of the ‘hid treasure,’ and to search for it with all your might. I should then be truly a happy mother, and you would be my rich son. There is a mine where you may get *much* gain, and you need not travel far to find it.”

“What! as much as men do who go abroad?”

“Yes; and, what is more, it is *sure* gain. They expect soon to find wealth, and this makes them willing to bear any present loss and hardship. But very many of them, I fear, get little for all their labor. And if they do get that which they seek, it seldom satisfies their wishes; and at best they will not hold it for many years. The ‘hid treasure’ which I wish you to seek, I may promise you, will prove riches that will both satisfy and last for life.”

“May I begin to seek now, mother; or must I wait till I grow up and am a man?”

“You may begin at once, George. But as I find you do not see what mine I allude to, or what is the gain I wish you to possess, I will at once tell you. The mine is *THE BIBLE*, and the gain is that *heavenly wisdom* which you may get therefrom.”

“O mother! is that what you mean?”

“Yes, George; and may I not say that such would be to you the *best* riches? Gold and silver are not the only, nor are they the true wealth. Fires may burn them; floods may drown them; moth and rust may waste them; and the robber may steal them: or, if they are held for life, they must be left behind at death. Those only are the best riches, which are not kept in the purse, but are treasured in the heart, and which last for ever. The Word of God is a large and

wealthy mine. If you do not know the worth of its riches, no matter what else you have, you must be poor indeed. Young Timothy and David found in it that which was better than thousands of gold and silver. But, what is strange, since their days this mine has become larger and richer! Good and wise men have been searching in it for hundreds of years, but it is still quite full, and must remain so to the end of the world. Every one is invited to come and search for the best treasure in this mine of God's Word. Open your Bible, and read the fourth and fifth verses of the second chapter of Proverbs."

George reads: "If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God."

"There, George, do you not see that, if you would get this 'hid treasure' of heavenly wisdom, you must seek and search for it? It will not do merely to turn over the pages of the Bible, and read without care or thought. You may, indeed, commit verse after verse to memory, and yet not find the treasure that is in them. The mere words are not the treasure, but the great and gracious truths they express. These truths are worthy of being sought out, and are more precious than all the gold that is in the world. I hope, then, that instead of vainly wishing to dig in a mine of gold, and getting rich for this world, you will be a true miner in God's holy Word, and become rich unto eternal life."

The Children's Paper.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL INCIDENT.

At a meeting once held in Exeter Hall, where there was a large number of Sabbath-school children assembled, a clergyman arose on the platform and told them of two bad little boys, whom he had once known,

and of a good little girl whom he had afterwards learned to know. This little girl had been to Sabbath school, where she had learned "to do some good every day." Seeing two little boys quarrelling, she went up to them, told them how wickedly they were acting, made them desist from quarrelling, and in the end induced them to attend Sunday school. These boys were Jim and Tom. "Now, children, said the gentleman, "would you like to see Jim?"

All shouted with one voice, "Yes, sir, yes, sir!"

"Jim, get up," said the gentleman, looking over to another part of the platform. A reverend-looking missionary rose and looked smilingly upon the children.

"Now, would you like to see Tom?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir!" resounded through the hall.

"Well, look at me—I am Tom, and I too have been a missionary for many years. Now, would you like to see little Mary Wood?"

The response was even more loud and earnest than before, "Yes, sir!"

"Well, do you see that lady over there in the blue silk bonnet—that is little Mary Wood, and she is MY WIFE."

A burst of applause from all parts of the Hall followed this interesting announcement.

AN Irishman, who let himself to a farmer, said, while selling his services, that he could hold a plough, and do all other kinds of farm work. He was taken to the field, and told to hold the plough. The horses started, and he showed his incapacity to control the instrument. "Did you not tell me you could hold the plough?" said the enraged farmer.

"And sure I did," said Paddy; "and I can hold it, if you'll unhitch them two horses that are trying to take it away from me."



FEEDING THE DONKEYS.

LITTLE HENRY AND SUNDAY.

"MUST I love Sunday, mamma?" said little Henry.

"Of course you must love Sunday," said his mother. "I want you to love it very much."

"Well, I don't love it; but I guess I shall love it, if you let me go to church."

So little Henry went to church in the morning, and heard the singing, and looked at the minister when he was preaching, and behaved as well as anybody.

The church was not open in the afternoon; so Henry could not go again.

He said after dinner, "I love Sunday some, mamma, 'cause I went to church; and if you will let me go out into the yard and play soap-bubbles, I think I shall love all Sunday."

So Henry had his pipe and bowl of soapy water, and went out into the yard and made soap-bubbles, and loved Sunday all day.

He was very quiet, and didn't disturb any one. His mother had a good, still time for reading. By and by Henry can go to Sunday-school in the afternoon, and then he will not care to make soap-bubbles.

Henry is learning very fast. Soon he will be able to read little books,

and they will help him to love Sunday.

Then there is the great Bible on his mother's table. How happy it will make him to open it and read to his mother the beautiful verses about God, and about Jesus!

LEARNING TO PRAY.

BY MARY E. DODGE.

KNEELING fair in the twilight gray,
A beautiful child was trying to pray;
His cheek on his mother's knee,
His bare little feet half hidden,
His smile still coming unbidden,
And his heart brimful of glee.

"I want to laugh. Is it naughty? Say,
O, mamma! I've had such fun to-day,
I hardly can say my prayers;
I don't feel just like praying,
I want to be out-doors playing,
And run, all undressed, down stairs.

"I can see the flowers in the garden-bed,
Shining so pretty, and sweet, and red;
And Sammy is swinging, I guess.
O, every thing is so fine out there,
I want to put it all in the prayer,
(Do you mean I can do it by 'Yes'?)

"When I say, 'Now I lay me,'—word for word—
It seems to me as if nobody heard.
Would 'Thank you, dear God,' be right?
He gave me my mammy,
And papa, and Sammy,—
O, mamma! you nodded I might."

Clasping his hands and hiding his face,
Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,
The little one now began.

His mother's nod and sanction sweet
Had led him close to the dear Lord's feet,
And his words like music ran:—

"Thank you for making this home so nice,
The flowers, and folks, and my two white mice—
(I wish I could keep right on)

I thank you, too, for every day—

Only I'm 'most too glad to pray.

Dear God, I think I am done.

"Now, mamma, rock me,—just a minute,—
And sing the hymn with 'darling' in it.

I wish I *could* say my prayers!

When I get big, I know I can.

O won't it be nice to be a man,

And stay all night down stairs?"

The mother, singing, clasped him tight,
Kissing and cooing her fond "Good night,"

And treasured his every word.

For well she knew that the artless joy

And love of her precious, innocent boy,

Were a prayer that her Lord had heard.

Hearth and Home.

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.

JOHN ALLDAY and Joseph Freeth had a quarrel when they were at school together, and some of their more wicked playmates tried hard to get up a battle between them. Allday was ready enough to pull off his jacket, but Freeth would not fight.

Their teacher heard of the affair, so he took Allday to task. "Tell me, John," said he, "why you want to fight with Freeth?"

"Because, sir," replied Allday, "the boys will call me a coward if I refuse."

"Oh! oh!" said the teacher, "and so you had rather do wrong than be called a coward: John, I am ashamed of you."

The teacher next questioned Freeth. "Joseph," said he, "what reason have you for not fighting with Allday?"

"I have many reasons, sir," replied Joseph.

"Then let me have them all," said the teacher, "that I may judge what they are worth."

"In the first place, sir," said Freeth, "if I were to fight Allday, I should hurt him—

I know I should, and I do not want to hurt him."

"Very good," said the teacher.

"In the next place, sir, if I did not hurt him, he would be sure to hurt me."

"No doubt of it," said the teacher.

"And then, sir, I had rather be called a coward, than do that which I know to be wrong."

"Very good again," said the teacher.

"And lastly, sir, to fight with one another is not only against the rules of the school, but also against the commands of our Saviour, who has told us to love and forgive one another. The text last Sunday morning was, 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.' Eph. iv. 31, 32.

The teacher commended Joseph Freeth for the prudent answer he had given, and hoped he would be able always to act up to his principles. "In my opinion," said he, "you have shown more true courage in declining to fight, than you would have done in fighting with Allday, even had you won the victory."

About a week after the quarrel which had taken place, the cottage of poor old Margery Jenkins, by some accident or other, took fire. Margery made her escape, and her daughter was absent from home, but an infant grand-daughter was sleeping in a little cot upstairs, while the flames were rising to the stairs. At this time there were present several of the school-boys, and one of them boldly dashed through the fire and smoke, made his way up the narrow stair-case, dropped the child through the window into the arms of a man who stood ready to receive it, and then made his own escape to the ground.

But who was the boy who thus showed his bravery, and saved the life of a child? Was it the brave Allday, who was so forward to fight? No, it was Joseph Freeth—he who by many had been called a coward. This kind and daring act of his raised him in the minds of all, and no one any longer called his courage in question.

The following day some of the school-boys went to bathe in the river, and Allday and Freeth were among them. Allday, who could not swim, soon got out of his depth, and would no doubt have been drowned, had not Freeth, who was a good swimmer, plunged headlong from the bank to his rescue. Seizing hold of the arm of his drowning companion, he dragged him to land.

If the affair of the fire had shown the calm courage of Joseph Freeth, this of the water went still further to convince the minds of his playmates.

On the return of Joseph Freeth to the school-room, all the boys received him with upraised hands. "Let the conduct of Joseph Freeth," said the teacher, when a short time after speaking to the boys, "be an example to you, so that you may be able to distinguish between idle boasting and true courage. Joseph Freeth has proved himself worthy, by going through fire and through water for the benefit of others. Remember that he who dares do what is right, though it draws down upon him an ill name, is truly courageous; while he who is afraid to pursue an upright course, lest those around should mock him, must be in his heart a coward." The Children's Friend.

YOUR character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.

"NOW."

"Now" is the only word ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise man. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. "Now" is the call of God. "Now" is the admonition of eternity. Let us keep this little word constantly in our mind. Whenever any thing is to be done, we should do it with our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is indeed an unsatisfactory way to get through the world by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "Then I will do it." This will never succeed. "Now" only is ours; "then" may never be. As to religion especially, "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

IN my family there resides an old man who has lived eighty-six years. He is a member of a Christian church, but for several years past he has been so feeble, both in body and mind, that he has not gone away from home even to attend church. His mind, once strong and vigorous, has become broken; and he is, at present, more like a child five or six years old than like a vigorous man. But he will sit down and take the Bible, and read whole chapters aloud. At such times he seems to understand not only what he is doing, but seems to enjoy it greatly.

One evening, after he had retired for the night, he called in his daughter, seeming to imagine that she was his mother. Said he, "Mother, come here by my bed, and hear me say my prayers before I go to sleep." His daughter obeyed, and stood by his bed. Then the old man clasped his hands with great reverence, and repeated that beautiful child's evening prayer:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

He was apparently a child again, saying his prayers at his mother's knee.

Don't you think, children, that God heard his prayer?

David Rice, M.D.

HERACLIDES, in his account of the Abbot Idur, speaks of him as a man extremely devoted to truth, and gives him this three-fold commendation: "That he was never known to tell a lie; that he was never known to speak ill of any one; that he used not to speak at all but when necessity required."

The end of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him; as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true patience, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection.

John Milton.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

Sir J. F. W. Herschel.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

ONLY ONCE.

FROM "only" one word many quarrels begin,
And "only this once" leads to many a sin;
"Only a penny" wastes many a pound;
"Only once more," and the diver was drowned;
"Only one drop," many drunkards have made;
"Only in play," many gamblers have said;
"Only a cold" opens many a grave;
"Only resist," many evils will save.

Puzzles.

14.

ACROSTIC.

1. A district in Palestine; 2. A mountain near Jerusalem; 3. The name of a pool; 4. The wife of the Jew with whom Paul dwelt at Corinth; 5. The mother of John the Baptist; 6. A certain woman of Thyatira who sold purple.

God's good word to men.

15.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The plain where Abram pitched his tent;
And built an altar to the Lord;
2. A Hebrew judge to war who went,
And forty years of peace secured;
3. That awful mount enwrapped in flame,
That struck with terror Israel's host;
4. The son to whom the prophet came,
On whom his mantle there he tossed;
5. He whom the Greeks did take and beat,
When Paul at Corinth taught the right.
Before you, then, the names complete
Of two with Christ on Tabor's height.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

12. — War.

Isaac.

Sinal.

David.

Ophir.

Mary or Martha. — WISDOM.

13. — E qui p.

V ipe r.

I de a.

L ibert y. — EVIL — PRAY.

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